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CONVERSATIONS

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BETWEEN A

FATHER AND DAUGHTER,

ON THE EDUCATION

OF THE

DEAF AND DUMB.

“ No voice maternal soothed their infant hours,
Or woke by prattled love their thinking powers ;
Shut out for ever from the realms of sound,
With them the countless moving lips around
Hold no communion ; for beyond their reach,
Are all the social blandishments of speech,
All that to hearing can be told or sung,
When the heart’s music modulates the tongue.”

DERBY :

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

HENRY MOZLEY AND SONS.

1840.

COLUMBIA INSTITUTION

—FOR THE—

DEAF AND DUMB

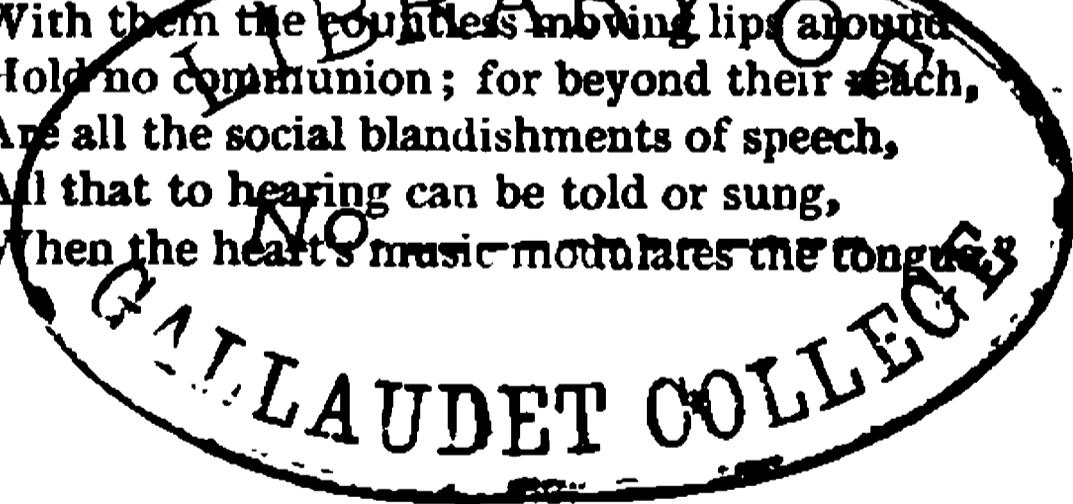
THE CHARLES BAKER COLLECTION

NUMBER

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ON THE EDUCATION
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CONVERSATIONS

BETWEEN A

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

THE Village of C—— is a very lovely place, situate on the banks of the river Witham, in one of the eastern counties of England. C—— contains a very pretty little church, surrounded by trees, and standing on the top of a hill. At the foot of the hill is a neat Parsonage-house, in the middle of a good-sized and fragrant garden. The garden, though not crowded with trees, yet contains several fine old elms, under the shade of which it is the delight of the inhabitants of the Parsonage to sit together in fine weather at their various occupations.

Mr. and Mrs. M——, and three agreeable children, (two boys, and a girl,) the eldest being about twelve, and the youngest, whose name was Louisa, not yet eight, were the inhabitants of this peaceful dwelling at the time at which our narrative begins. Mrs. M—— generally walked out with her little family every day, and sometimes the pleasure of the walk was in-

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creased by some tale or story from real life, in which Mrs. M—— endeavoured to blend amusement with instruction, and to make her children think less of themselves, and take an interest in the welfare of their fellow-creatures. This excellent lady might in truth be styled “the good mother.” She took great delight in the company of her children, the turn of whose minds, and their tendency to good or evil, she carefully watched. This village contains several rows of houses, which the villagers are pleased to call *streets*; and indeed the village itself, according to them, is a *tonn*, though not containing, at the most more than three hundred inhabitants. It was in one of these so called streets, that Mrs. M—— and her little girl, one fine summer’s evening, met poor Richard Watson coming towards them; and it was the sight of this pitiable object, the inhabitant of a neighbouring village, that gave rise to the following conversations.

FIRST CONVERSATION.

Louisa.—Oh, mamma! do look at that man, how he is throwing his arms about! and what a noise he is making with his

mouth wide open ! he looks as if he were silly ! Is he an idiot ?

Mother.—No, my dear, he is not an idiot ; though his actions often make him appear such. That poor man is deaf and dumb, and the drunkards in their folly and cruelty, give him drink till he has lost his reason, and then he dances to make them amusement.*

Louisa.—Deaf and dumb ! mamma, what is that ? Is it not for the deaf and dumb that my cousin Ellen collects ? She asked me, in a hurry, to give her a halfpenny the other day. It was for the deaf and dumb, she said ; though I do not know what she meant by that ; and so I could not tell what my halfpenny was for.

Mother.—As we have plenty of time be-

* This is also the wretched case with “ a woman of a forlorn and singular appearance, who is not uncommonly accompanied, in the streets of a town in Wiltshire, by a little ragged child. This woman is deaf and dumb, and the mother of two unfortunate children. She has never had access to that instruction which those around her may obtain with comparative facility, nor has she been sent to any School for the Deaf and Dumb. She now appears impenetrable to all advice and reproof, and leads a notoriously wicked life. It is her constant habit to wander about the town, sometimes exposing her vicious practices to the face of day, and making, it is to be feared, her two unfortunate children, frequent witnesses of them. How painful the reflection, that, in all human probability, she will continue the servant of Satan to the end of her life ! She has grown up to womanhood in sin, and is incapable of being apprised of the danger of it, or of learning (if she were willing to forsake it,) from whence to obtain help and pardon.”

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fore dinner, we will, if you like, extend our walk a little further than I at first intended, and I will take this opportunity of explaining to you for what it is your cousin collects ; what use is made of the money ; and what I mean by saying, that unfortunate man is deaf and dumb.

Louisa.—Oh, do ! I shall like that very much ; for I have promised to give Ellen a halfpenny every now and then to add to her collection ; and I shall have much more pleasure in giving it, when I know what it is for.

Mother.—The poor man we saw just now was born totally deaf ; and in consequence of being deaf he is dumb.

Louisa.—But I suppose he is not quite so deaf as to be unable to hear the tremendous claps of thunder that make me tremble sometimes ?

Mother.—Dick is perfectly incapable of hearing any sound. “ The gentle whisper of affection, and the loud rolling of the thunder, are alike unknown to him ; he stands unmoved even at that mighty noise at which the earth and depths are troubled.”

Louisa.—Poor fellow, how much I pity him ! Then he has never heard the delightful sound that we do now of the birds singing sweetly in the trees. He has never

had the pleasure I enjoy so much, of hearing his mother's voice, telling him how much she loves her child. He has never heard her pray to God to forgive him when he has done wrong.

Mother.—I am glad you feel for him, dear child ; for he is indeed to be pitied.

Louisa.—But, mamma, why should he be dumb ? If he is deaf he need not be dumb !

Mother.—But what language would you have him speak ? French, or English, or German, or what ?

Louisa.—The language his parents speak, certainly, mamma.

Mother.—But if he has never heard any one speak, how can he learn any language ? If he has never heard any human sounds, how is he to imitate them ?

Louisa.—Then, mamma, as he cannot speak, how does he make his wants known ?

Mother.—By various signs ; and even this method of communication is not always understood by those around him.

Louisa.—Are there any other unfortunate persons like this young man, mamma ?

Mother.—Yes, indeed there are. I am sorry to say, the case of Richard Watson is by no means a solitary one ; for there are many thousands of poor unfortunate

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people in the world, who like him are born incapable of hearing and consequently of speaking.

Louisa.—Indeed, mamma! I could not have thought it! Many *thousands* born deaf and dumb! Why I have never seen them,—I have never heard of them!

Mother.—No; I have never *seen* them, though I have heard of them. I fear that it is but too little known in the world that there are so many.

Louisa.—But, mamma, what makes you think that people in general do not know how many deaf and dumb there are?

Mother.—Because “there is nothing in the features of the deaf and dumb indicative of the defect under which they labour: their cheek is as ruddy, and their eye as bright, as any of their more favoured fellow-creatures: they guide themselves, and walk like others,” and hence those around them are not aware that they are wanting in one of the most important of the five senses.

Louisa.—You mean the sense of hearing, do not you, mamma?

Mother.—Yes, I do. To prove the truth of my assertion, I will tell you the following short story.

A gentleman stated at a meeting one day in Ireland that at another meeting which

he attended somewhere else, the clergy of the latter place insisted that there were no deaf and dumb in that town. The gentleman said, the same had been told him in many places, but that he always discovered some ; however they in the strongest manner kept asserting the impossibility of the thing in the present instance, as there was not a family in the town, or neighbourhood, with all the individuals of which they were not acquainted ; and so strongly were they convinced they were right, that one of them appealed to the meeting to confirm his assertion, that there could not be a deaf mute in that place without his knowledge.

Must he not have been very much astonished, Louisa, when he was answered, “ Oh, sir, here is a woman lives *close* by *your house*, and has brought her deaf and dumb daughter here with her.” And must he not have been still more so, when another person cried out, “ And there is another woman, named Fitzpatrick, has a deaf and dumb girl, about half a mile off.”

Louisa.—Oh, mamma, I should think the clergyman must have looked very much surprised, and ashamed.

Mother.—I dare say he did ; though his mistake was far from being an uncommon

one. The same gentleman who related this fact says, that “during a tour through eighteen towns in the north of Ireland, in the same year, he discovered many deaf and dumb children, whose existence was hitherto unknown to the committee of the Juvenile Deaf and Dumb Society.”

Louisa.—Thank you, mamma, for your little story ; it is a very interesting one.

Mother.—I was going to tell you before you proposed your last question, that it is for the purpose of having the unfortunate beings, or at least a part of them, instructed, that your cousin collects money.

Louisa.—Then they can be taught ! Come, that will comfort me a little ; for I was beginning to think how badly off they must be ; for as they can neither hear nor speak, I wonder how they can learn any thing.

Mother.—It is a happiness for which we cannot be too thankful, that there are means of instructing them, in their duty to God and man.

Louisa.—But must it not be very difficult to teach them, mamma ?

Mother.—Yes, difficult doubtless it is, and requires much labour and patience, on the part of the teacher, before he can have the pleasure of perceiving that his pupils are beginning to gain a little light.

Louisa.—But where do they go to be taught; for I have never heard of any school for the deaf and dumb.

Mother.—There are fifteen Institutions* or Schools in the United Kingdom, where some few, comparatively speaking, are sent to be taught. Here they learn that there is a great and good God, who created them, who gave his Son to die for them, who will give them his Holy Spirit that they may love and obey Him, and be made fit for Eternal Happiness in Heaven.†

Louisa.—What else do they learn, mamma? I mean, do they learn any lessons such as other children do?

* Viz. One at Edinburgh, Paisley, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Perth, Dundee, Dublin, Cork, Belfast, London, Birmingham, Exeter, Manchester, Liverpool, Doncaster.

† A professed Infidel, one day told Mr. Charles Stokes Dudley, (Agent of the Bible Society) that he could not believe it possible to teach the deaf and dumb the principles of the Christian religion. Mr. Dudley took him the next day to the Asylum, and requested the first class might be sent to him. Mr. Dudley told him the method of their communication was by writing on the wall, and begged him to write any question he chose to propose, to one of the boys. The *Infidel* wrote “Who made the world and all things in it?” The *little boy* immediately wrote underneath—“In the beginning God created the Heavens and the Earth.” The *Infidel*. “Why did God send Jesus Christ into the world?” “God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him, should have eternal life.” *Infidel*. “If God so loved his Creatures, why did he make such a difference as to give me the faculty of Speech and Hearing, whilst you are Deaf and Dumb?” The *little boy* with looks full of love, and resignation, directly wrote, “Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight.”

Mother.—Oh yes, they learn reading, writing, geography, arithmetic, drawing, &c. and the use of signs, in the place of language, by which to make themselves understood by their Instructors, and by each other. They are also taught many other things which will enable them to be *useful* members of society, and put them in the way of maintaining themselves in a creditable manner, after they leave the Institution.

Louisa.—Oh, mamma, how much better than being dependant on the earnings of their parents, who perhaps, have hardly enough for themselves.

Mother.—But this is not the only advantage to be thought of, which they are happy in possessing, and which poor Richard Watson cannot obtain. You seem to forget the religious advantages the inmates of these Institutions enjoy;—and that they are made acquainted with that book, which will make them “wise unto salvation.”

Louisa.—Then, mamma, if there are places where the deaf and dumb can go to be taught, why was not this unfortunate man sent to one of them?

Mother.—Doubtless his friends have never heard of such Institutions. And perhaps like many others in his deplorable

circumstances, his nearest relations, and friends thought that he was an idiot, and so did not trouble themselves with inquiring how to have him taught. But supposing they did know of places where such unfortunate children can be taught, and had applied to gain admittance for him into one of them, they might have shared the sorrowful fate of many other parents, who cannot succeed in gaining this charity for *their* children. They could not afford to pay for his going to one of these Institutions themselves, and so they would have been under the necessity of seeing their poor child live and die in ignorance of those truths, whereby he might have been made wise through faith unto salvation.

Louisa.—Then, mamma, who does pay for the education of the children of the poor? Is it for this that Ellen is collecting money?

Mother.—Different charitable people give money, or subscriptions, every year to the Institutions, which enable them to bestow on some of the many children, whose parents are not rich enough to afford so great an expense themselves, the blessing of being brought out of the state of darkness and ignorance, in which they have

formerly lived, to one equal to that of their fellow-creatures.

Louisa.—How delightful to hear that there are means of instructing these poor children! though it is sad to think that this benefit cannot be enjoyed by them all.

Mother.—Yes, indeed, it is a sad pity. And the truth is, that a great deal more money might be spared for this and other charitable purposes, if people would not spend so much more than they need on themselves, on their “purple and linen, and sumptuous fare,” and gaudy furniture.

Louisa.—But, mamma, is there no other way of teaching the deaf and dumb, than this, which seems to cost so much money?

Mother.—Generally speaking, there is not: though I have heard of one or two persons who have educated a deaf and dumb child themselves. One of them is “Charlotte Elizabeth,” who wrote that little book of poetry of which you are so fond.

Louisa.—What, mamma, do you mean the “Grandfather’s tales?”

Mother.—I do. This highly gifted lady instructed a little Irish deaf and dumb boy, entirely herself. When he died, she wrote a little book about him, entitled “The Happy Mute,” which I hope you will read some day.

Louisa.—Is it entertaining, mamma?

Mother.—It is deeply interesting; and if you like, I will buy it for you. It only costs sixpence, and I hope, when you have it, you will lend it to any body that would like to read it.

Louisa.—Oh, thank you, mamma, I shall be much pleased to lend it, I am sure. But I was going to ask how many deaf and dumb do you think there are in the world?

Mother.—I do not know how many there are in the world; but the Deaf Mutes in *England*, were said to be, in the year 1835, about twelve thousand, and of these only six hundred are being educated. Is not the thought afflictive that the rest will go down to the grave without one glimmering of the hope of immortality to cheer and comfort them on their death-beds.* Oh, Louisa, who, when they think of this, would not deny themselves a few of the superfluities, and luxuries of life, in order that they may have the more to give towards redeeming *one* fellow-creature from mental darkness, and misery.

* The following sentences are extracted from the letters of a deaf and dumb child, giving an account of the death of two of her school-fellows.

“ He said to Mr. ——, ‘ My body is weak, but my soul is strong.’ On being asked, ‘ Are not you mildly punished?’ He answered, ‘ Very much so.’ ”

“ I asked her, ‘ Do you trust in Jesus Christ who died on the cross for our sins?’ she answered, ‘ Yes.’ We conversed (by signs) with each other about Religion.”

Louisa.—Oh, mamma, I am so pleased to think of my promise to Ellen, though it is like nothing compared with what is wanted. I think in future instead of giving her a halfpenny every now and then, I will give her all the halfpennies I can earn for my lessons, or in any other way, instead of spending them as soon I get them, on barley-sugar, and other trifles.

Mother.—I hope you will be enabled to adhere to so good a resolution, my dear child; for people must not content themselves with saying, “Oh, how sorry I am for them;” “Oh, how much I feel for them, poor things!” They must *do* something to *shew* it; to prove the truth of what they say. If they cannot otherwise spare their money, they must, as I before said, see whether there is not something they can do without, in order “that they may have to give to him that needeth.”

Louisa.—Mamma, what you have just said puts me in mind of a story I once heard. May I tell it to you?

Mother.—Do, my dear, for it is quite your turn to tell me something.

Louisa.—There was a good Quaker who, when he heard others making a lamentation about a poor man who was in debt, and saying how they pitied, and *felt* for him

said, “ Well, friends, I know not how much you feel, but I feel,”—and he put his hand in his pockets! “ fifty pounds for him.”

Mother.—Thank you, Louisa: your story is very much to the purpose. I wish others would feel for the deaf and dumb as this good Quaker did for the debtor.

But Louisa, I hope you will not only show how much *you feel* for them, by keeping your own pence for their good, but that you will tell other little children about them, and try to persuade them also to bestow some of their small allowances on so good a cause, instead of on number ONE. You know your cousin Ellen is delighted to receive the smallest sum any one will bestow on her. Even so small a sum as a halfpenny a week, of which she has several subscribers, come to something at the end of the year. But there are some who give even less than this.

Louisa.—Indeed, mamma; less than a halfpenny a week! Then I need not be ashamed of my halfpenny.

Mother.—By no means, my dear: for like the widow’s mite, it is as much for you to give, as a larger sum is for those who give out of their abundance.

Louisa.—But, mamma, I should think Ellen could not get a great deal of money, if she has only penny subscribers.

Mother.—Perhaps she cannot obtain much in any way, as she lives in so retired a place. But there has been as much as three hundred and seventy pounds collected by penny *donations* only—that is, you know, by single pennies given once and not again—for the Edinburgh Deaf and Dumb School: and a lady in —— collected by the same simple means for another charitable purpose the enormous sum of one thousand five hundred pounds.

Louisa.—That is really a great deal of money, mamma, to be gathered together, by pennies. I think, if you will let me, I will try and see how many pennies I can beg from people who come to the house, and when I go out with you.

Mother.—You are quite welcome to try, dear; and I wish you all success. I dare say many good-natured persons will give to you—a little child—for the sake of pleasing you, that which they would not give to an older person.

If you like to remind me, in our walk tomorrow, I will tell you an anecdote about the deaf and dumb boy whom Charlotte Elizabeth educated, and we can pursue the subject of our present conversation.

But who are these coming across the field, are they not papa, and your brothers?

Let us go to meet them, and ask them how they “feel for the deaf and dumb.”

SECOND CONVERSATION.

The next time Mrs. M—— and Louisa were walking out together, the latter reminded her mother of the promise she had made her, and also begged for the anecdote of Charlotte Elizabeth's deaf and dumb boy.

Mother.—It is a very short one. I am afraid you will not find it so interesting as you expected. But, however, to keep my word, I will tell it you.

One day, when this little boy had lived four years with his Instructress, he was sent to a gentleman's house on an errand. With the concurrence of his kind mistress he had resolved never to taste strong drink of any kind ; so when one of the young gentlemen of the house offered him a glass of wine, he refused it. The youth then attempted to pour it down his throat, but did not succeed ; the deaf and dumb boy seemed glad that the wine ran down upon his clothes, though it spoilt a very pretty waistcoat ; rather than drink that, he had promised not to drink, “ and make God angry.”

Louisa.—Well done! What a brave good little boy. I must tell this story to my brothers. Do you know any more like it, mamma?

Mother.—There is one more, I have just thought of.

“A deaf and dumb boy, thirteen years of age, educated at Edinburgh, went with his benefactor, after an absence of four years, to visit his mother. He found her sitting in a state of intoxication, at which he was much distressed. He took out a paper and pencil, and endeavoured to shew her the danger of her way, and gave her much excellent advice. He then accompanied his friend to his house. Some time after, tears were observed trickling down his cheeks, and on being asked what was the matter, he replied, ‘That he was thinking, if he got to heaven, how unhappy he would be, if his mother was not there.’”

Louisa.—Poor little boy; how much I pity him! I am not surprised at his being so grieved for the state of his mother, if he knew that text which says that no drunkard shall inherit eternal life.

Mother.—I will now tell you another little story.

There was a deaf and dumb boy who had a good elder sister, who took great pains to

instruct him in the best manner she was able. She regularly took him to church, and also taught him to behave well. His sister did not think that because he was deaf and dumb, and could not understand what was passing, he might behave as he liked, and be continually staring about him.

When this little boy's father died, and was laid in his coffin, the child went up to his corpse, and felt his face all over, and when the lid of the coffin was nailed down, he screamed and cried most piteously.

Louisa.—But if his father's death had not taken place till the child had been properly instructed, he would then have known, would he not, that it was only the lifeless body of his father which they put in the ground, and that there was no feeling left in it?

Mother.—Yes, and that his soul, we may hope, was happy with God; and that he might, perhaps, at some future time meet him in heaven. But there is one thing more I will tell you about him. His mother used to make him kneel down at the side of his bed every night and morning: but this was only an empty form; he knew not the meaning of what he did. One time when his mother was very ill, he prayed to

the stars to make her better ; and when he found she did not get well, he “threw stones at them to punish them.” This he afterwards told his friends when he had learnt how to communicate his thoughts to them.

Louisa.—How strange it appears to me, who have been taught better, to hear of any one’s praying to the stars !

Mother.—I will give you another instance of deaf and dumb children praying to the stars, or to the heavens.

There was a young lady,—born without the sense of hearing—who before her instruction was completed, one fine night wanted her instructer to join with her and worship the sky. Her teacher “found that although she knew there was a Supreme Being, yet when her mother used to make her join her hands together in prayer, she thought she must be praying to the stars, and to the heavens, for there was nothing else above her, and she could not understand how she could be praying to God, when she did not see Him.” Another poor child says that “before she went to an Institution she used to pray to a wonderful man who, she thought, sat in the sky on a throne ; and when it rained, she used to think that a man with long grey hair, was

pouring water out of a large tub from heaven, on the ground."

Louisa.—Mamma, I cannot understand how these children prayed before they were taught. If they know no language, how can they pray in words, and yet I can think of no other method in which they can express their desires.

Mother.—I can only tell you, that the little boy who prayed to the stars, says, he "prayed with his heart, for he knew not the language of words." He must have prayed in a way with which we are unacquainted. I think these anecdotes give some idea how little the deaf and dumb understand, before they are educated, of the many things passing around them, and this often distresses them greatly.

Louisa.—Mamma, do these children ever show, before they have been instructed, that they are aware they are different from any other children? and do they ever seem desirous of being taught?

Mother.—You shall judge for yourself, from the following anecdote.

There was a little boy, deaf and dumb, who, when he saw his brothers and sisters going to school, attempted to follow them. He took a book and opened it upside down, to show he could not read it. He then put

it under his arm, as if to go out, but his father would not permit him; and told his poor boy, by signs, that he could never learn anything, because he was deaf and dumb. He was so vexed, that putting his fingers in his ears, he demanded of his father to have them cured. His father told him there was no remedy. He then, without its being known, quitted the house, and went to school. He begged the master with *signs*, to teach him to read and write, but the master refused, and drove him away, which made him cry very much.

Louisa.—Poor little boy! how could any one behave so unkindly to a poor deaf and dumb child. Really I think the schoolmaster must have had a very hard heart. I think if I had been in his place, I should have done my best to teach him, even if no one had paid me for it. But can you tell me, mamma, what became of him afterwards; and whether he ever learnt to read; or was sent to an Institution?

Mother.—After his bad success with the schoolmaster, “he often attempted alone to form with the pen writing signs.” Now comes an answer to your question, Louisa. One day, when he was about twelve years old, as he was watching a flock, a gentleman who saw him, took a liking to him.

“ Afterwards, this gentleman, with the consent of his parents, sent him to Bordeaux, which is in France, to the good Abbé Sicard, to have him educated.”

Louisa.—Mamma, can you tell me who it was who found out that the deaf and dumb could be taught, and who was the first teacher?

Mother.—I have read that “ the first successful efforts towards the instruction of the deaf and dumb began in Spain, about three hundred years ago, by Father Ponce, a Jesuit, and were limited to three individuals, the children of the great Constable of Spain. The art died with him. The Spaniard Bonnet, Doctor Wallis, the Swiss Doctor Amman, the Scotch Braidwood, the Saxon Heinicke, and more than all the Portuguese Pereyra succeeded him ; they were more or less successful, with one, two or three pupils each. Pereyra’s two pupils have perhaps never been surpassed by any modern Instructer, for one of them was a great Philosopher, well versed in twelve languages ; but the ‘ Abbé de l’Epée is considered by many to be the originater of Schools for the Deaf and Dumb children of the poor, and he maintained *forty* children at his own expense.’ The Abbé Sicard, to whom this little boy was sent, was the successor of the Abbé de l’Epée.”

Louisa.—How long is it since the last named good Abbé lived, mamma?

Mother.—I do not know whether this excellent man was engaged in the instruction of his deaf and dumb pupils at the time of his death, which took place at Paris, in the year 1790.

Louisa.—How very much I wish, that the Institutions could afford to take in, not only all that offer themselves, but every Deaf and Dumb child in the world.

Mother.—That would be delightful indeed. Do you know, Louisa, that these poor children are too often taken for idiots by their parents, or those who have the charge of them ; who, not being able always to understand their means of communication, grow angry, and impatient with them, and treat them harshly and unkindly.

Louisa.—Mamma, I hope those who are instructed are very thankful for it.

Mother.—All those I have ever met with are so.

An interesting deaf and dumb youth of seventeen years of age says, in a letter to a friend, “—At last I am instructed ; I must thank God.”—“ I can now think well ; I am like a man ; but before, I was like a *beast*.”

Louisa.—Think of his comparing himself to a *beast* ! mamma.

Mother.—Do not you think, Louisa, that we ought to be grateful to the Giver of all good, for the great gifts of hearing, and speech, with which he has endowed *us*, though he has in his wisdom seen fit to withhold them from so many others? that he has permitted us to enjoy sounds, and listen to the voices of our friends?

And if we are grateful, should we not try to show it?

Louisa.—Yes, mamma; but in what way can we show our gratitude?

Mother.—There are many ways; one of which I have already spoken of, viz. that of assisting with our money in giving the same instruction to all who are deaf and dumb, as was bestowed on the young persons we have been speaking of. Oh, Louisa, how much I wish that “every parent, who has been providentially preserved from the grievous calamity of seeing any member of his own family so afflicted, as to require the care of such an establishment as these poor children need, would present his thank-offering for this special mercy to the Supreme Disposer of all events, in the form of a contribution to this Benevolent object! How rapidly should we then see the Institutions extending their blessings to all who need them.”

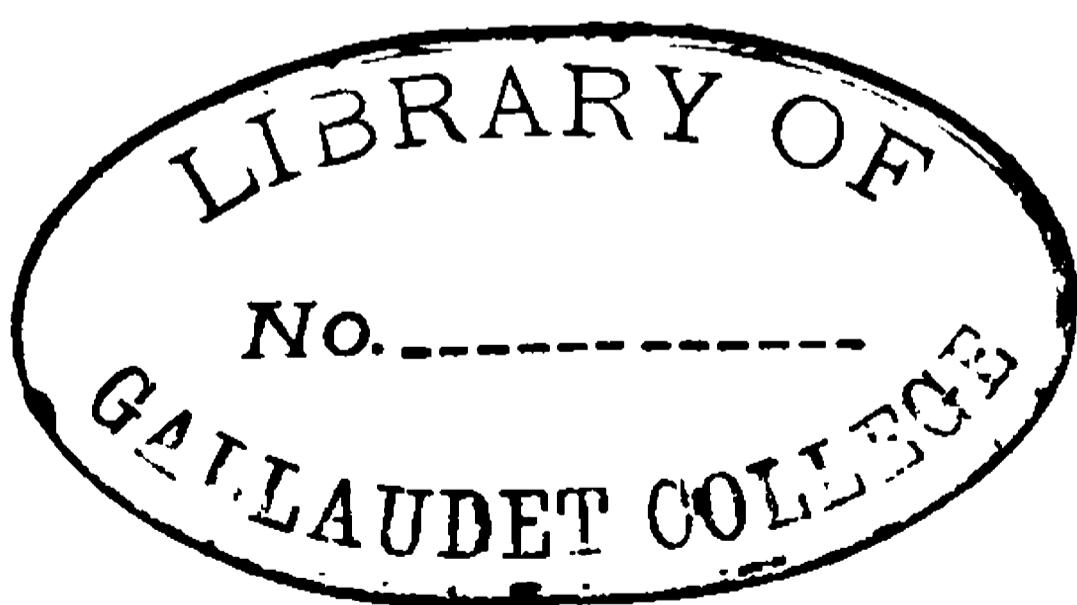
TO MY JUVENILE READERS.

My object in writing these two simple dialogues has been this;—to give you information respecting the poor Deaf Mutes; and at the same time, if possible, to induce you to attempt doing something for them. I should be disappointed, if your interest were only to continue so long as you are reading this little book; for I want to raise you into action, into doing something for these afflicted ones, these poor heathens, who are living close at your own doors. Endeavour with the consent and assistance of your parents, to form a Juvenile Society in the neighbourhood in which you reside. Try whether you cannot prevail on some of your friends to give you a penny or upwards, weekly or monthly. You should also have a Juvenile Secretary, and a Treasurer, to receive the money collected every quarter, and deposit it in the Savings' Bank, till the end of the year. What are you to do with it then, you will probably ask. Either send it to one of the Institutions; or if you have enough for the purpose, pay for the education of some poor deaf and dumb child, who, if you do not take pity on it, would not gain admittance into an

Asylum, and as I said before, would live and die in ignorance. There were last year in the Dublin Institution, seventy-three children—placed there since the year 1827—the expense of whose education, board, &c. are defrayed by collections made by *children!* girls as well as boys, viz. by the Irish *Juvenile* Deaf and Dumb Society.

If, then, the exertions children can make, are attended with so good success in Ireland,—poor distressed, dark Ireland, let us see what can be done by the youth of rich flourishing England. May the time come, when we shall have the joy of making (in one sense) all who are Deaf to hear, and all who are Dumb to speak!

E. F. A Member of a
Juvenile Deaf and Dumb Society.



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